

she was compelled to cross, and winning royal smiles at the cost of damaged finery; and in another excellent painting, the same artist shows us the haughty queen in a far different situation and mood, when she is deliberating between inclination and stern State policy, with the death-warrant of Essex spread out upon the table before her, and with the fatal pen in her hand.

Mr. C. L. Muller has put an epic upon canvas in his grand picture of the scene at the Conciergerie prison on the 9th Thermidor, (July 27, 29,) 1793, when the last roll-call of the Reign of Terror was taking place. It will be remembered that at this time the counter Revolution, which sent Robespierre and so many of his associates to the Guillatine, which they had glutted with blood for two years, was about to take place. The appearance of a crowd of eighty victims in the streets had excited public indignation and sympathy, and the muttering of the tempest which afterwards destroyed the terrible triumvirate, were plainly heard. The next day the storm broke; and Robespierre was its first victim.

The artist has chosen for the subject of his picture the moment when the last roll-call of the eighty victims, who had been condemned to the scaffold, was being called; and all the contending emotions of a crowd of people so situated are finely depicted. In the foreground is seen, grouped together, the unfortunates who have been denounced to the revolutionary tribunal, and who are still uncertain as to what their fate will be. Others, again, have heard the dread sound of the Recorder's voice as he called their names, and summoned them to take their place in the tumbril, which is seen, through an open door at the rear, with one victim, with her arms pinioned behind her, standing upon it.

Terror, fear, hope, apathy, despair and courage are all portrayed upon the canvas, and there are not wanting such exquisite pictures of anguish as the parting of husband and wife, parent and child, and such by-scenes as the placid face of the unconscious infant sleeping upon the mother's breast, while the mother's own features tell a story of dread and unspeakable anxiety lest her name should be next upon the roll of the doomed. As a memento of the time when France was drunk with blood the painting is invaluable; as a work of art the painter has made his picture worthy of the importance of his subject.

No. 471 upon the catalogue is a capital picture by Hicks, of New York, of Edwin Booth as Iago. The treacherous officer of the generous and unsuspecting Moor is represented standing in a musing position, with his countenance indicating the wily workings of his wicked heart. The artist speaks almost as plainly as Shakspeare himself, and the picture seems to say:

"Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I fobbb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be; if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril;
No, he must die!"

Mr. Hicks has been quite as successful in his portrait as he is in the sentiment of his picture, and the likeness of Mr. Booth will be readily recognized.

With a notice of a new and brilliant production of our countryman, Edward H. May, at present in Paris, we must close our notices of the Art Gallery until the next number of *Our Daily Fare*. The picture represents the departure of Lady Jane Grey to the place of execution, and her presentation to the constable of the Tower of her tablets, almost the only article she had to bestow upon him. The countenance of the lady bears the impress of sorrow and grief, blended with resignation and dignity, while the figure of the constable is a study. The coloring of this fine picture is excellent. It is the property of Mr. Joseph Harrison, Jr., who had it placed in the Art Gallery of the Fair before putting it in his own private collection.

.....The original Proclamation of Emancipation, signed by President LINCOLN, sold at the Chicago Fair for three thousand dollars. A few duplicates, with the "veritable and authenticated" signatures of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Secretary SEWARD and Mr. NICOLAY, are for sale at the *Daily Fare* table; price only ten dollars. Every branch of the Union League, and indeed every patriot, should be proud to own one of these. They were obtained for the Fair, by Messrs. GEORGE H. BOKER and CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, who guarantee the authenticity of the signatures. "Can you tell me," inquired a gentleman of one of our Daily Fairies, "why they separate the water color pictures from those in oil, in the Fine Art exhibition?" "I suppose it is because oil and water will not mingle," was the gentle reply. He gazed at her steadily and sadly, and murmuring, "So young, so—" purchased a paper-cutter and departed. Those who would secure a really beautiful and quaint souvenir of the Fair should, after watching the curious machine of BURDEN's which illustrates practically the manner in which horse-shoes are made for the army, purchase a set of the small gilt shoes—reminding one of the golden shoes of the consul-horse Incitatus—which are hung to red, blue, and white silk ribbons; price only forty cents. As it is the fashion, style, mode, furor, and, in fact, *la chose* to wear these just now, perhaps our advice is needless. But a stern sense of justice compels us to add that at no table—always excepting that of the

great and good *Daily Fare* itself—have we found a ministering angel more courteous or winsome than among the Fairies of the Horse-shoe. But, with compliments aside, BURDEN's horse-shoe machine is one of the most wonderful inventions of the age, turning out at the rate of sixty shoes per minute, and furnishing *six hundred tons* per month. Stop and see the principle exhibited in the miniature machine in the centre of the east end of Union avenue, under the Illuminated Shoe; and, above all, do not forget *La Belle Mareschale*—"Our Lady of the Horse-Shoes."

.....One of the staff contributes the following in reference to "Relics of Washington:" It will be a sure sign of national degeneracy when there shall be any abatement in the reverence which the American people feel for the memory of Washington. We note with satisfaction the great interest which the relics of the Father of his Country inspire in those who examine them at the Fair. Numerous articles of great value, from their association with his public and domestic life, will be found enumerated in the catalogues. Since their publication, however, a new object of interest has been contributed to the Department of Arms and Trophies. It is the cane of Washington, which he bequeathed in his last will to his friend and kinsman Robert Washington, from whom it has descended to his grand-son, the present owner, Col. Peter G. Washington, of Washington City, who has kindly permitted its exhibition at the Fair. It will be found about the centre of the room, in a glass case, which also contains silver vases presented to two of our naval heroes.

.....We cheerfully find a corner for the following reminder, from a gay correspondent, of certain things forgotten in our enumeration of the curiosities in the Penn Parlor: "Your correspondent from Penn Parlor has sent you an agreeable letter from that shady place, enumerating a few of the antiquities. Here are a few he did not see, or at least did not mention; the *carte de visite* of Penn, photograph from life; photograph album containing card pictures (also from life) of the Penn family, and some of the Indian chiefs, once the property of James Logan; steel pen with which the great founder wrote his will; gold pen with which the treaty was engrossed, also the charter; and deeds by which the lands were conveyed to the early settlers, with internal revenue stamps thereon; the meerschaum pipe of peace; baby-jumper in which the Penn infants were wont to exercise; portions of the washing, wringing and sewing machines which were used by Gu-lielma Maria Springett Penn; also parts of the drilling and mowing and reaping machines in use on the farm at Penn Manor; Mrs. Penn's grand piano; a photograph of Philadelphia in 1700, showing passenger cars in front of the Slate Roof house, instantaneous view; seventeen cords of the Elm Treaty wood; gas-